The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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PRAYER

"*Pray without ceasing.*"—I Thessalonians 5: 17.

PRAYER is fundamental to the Christian life. It is a real necessity. Our Lord in His ministry emphasizes the need of constant prayer. Prayer plays an important part in the destiny of life. Prayer is the radio between earth and Heaven. Prayer changes things. Prayer is the master-key that opens the doors and windows of Heaven. Prayer reaches the Father's heart. Prayer brings Heaven down to earth. Prayer takes earth up to the Throne of God. Prayer is dynamic—the greatest power in human experience—earnest, effectual prayer cannot be hindered. It penetrates to the very Throne of God. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James 5: 16.

Prayer may be empty words with no more power than empty shells. Think of it! Firing empty shells! That is what many unprofitable prayers are—nothing in them—they accomplish nothing—they are just forged with the lips, and, as soon as uttered they fall to the earth. Half of our prayers never get above our heads. There is a world of difference and distinction between saying prayers and real *praying.* Effectual prayers are born in the heart. They are full of faith, hope, desire, love, and overflowing heart treasure. They go forth with that power that shakes the world and makes the king tremble on his throne. Queen Mary of England (better known as Bloody Mary) said she feared the prayers of John Knox more than all the armies of Scotland. Dr. John Henry Jowett said on one occasion:

"What are my prayers like? If I were God, could I listen to them? Are they mere pretenses of prayer and full of nothing but sound? Is there any reasonable ground for assuming that they can accomplish anything? Or, are my prayers weighted with sincere desire? Do they comprehend my brother's good as well as my own? Are they spoken in Faith? Do they go forth in great expectancy? Then do they surely exert a mighty influence, and they become fellow laborers with all of God's ministers of grace. The greatest thing we can do is greatly to pray."

Did you take time to pray today? Which did you read first this morning, the Bible or the morning newspaper? The greatest advances are made upon our knees.

Are you praying Christ to daily guide your life. To pray well, you must live well. The Psalmist said:

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

I must pray and read the Word daily if I would be the man Jesus Christ wants me to be. Praying and meditation is the same to my soul as soap and water is to my body. When I rise in the morning, I wash my body that it may be clean for the day's work. I remove the soil from my face and hands by using soap and water. I cleanse the soil of sin from my character by the Word of God. John 15: 3-4. "Now ye are clean through the Word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in Me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me." We only abide in Him through *His Word.* Through the *Word* I cleanse my conscience and make it pure; through the *Word* I cleanse my passions and make them holy; through the *Word* I cleanse my character and make it noble; through the *Word* I cleanse my desires and make them lofty.

And, in the evening, after the toil of the day is over I refresh my soul and cleanse it from the sins of the day by prayer and meditation, so whether it be in the brightness of the morning, or at high noon day or as the evening shadows gather, we need to continually wash our souls with the *Word* that we may be clean.

Do you observe the morning watch? Do you have the evening prayer?

How refreshing it is to one's soul to go into the secret closet in the morning and evening and read His Word—contemplate His love and pour out our heart's desire to Him who said: "Watch and pray." Matt. 26: 41.

Lord, thou shalt early hear my voice: I early will direct my prayer to Thee: and looking up an answer will expect. (Psalm 5: 3.)

We have the blessed assurance that our prayers will not only be heard but answered. "He delights to give good things to them that ask Him." Matt. 7: 11. But, we need more than gifts from God. Our greatest need many times is that He shall act for us rather than give to us, and it is comforting to learn that God works in answer to prayer. "Ask and it shall be given you," is not plainer than the other promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." God's doing may be more precious than His gifts. Let us do more *knee* work!

That beautiful hymn, entitled "Sweet Hour of Prayer," written by Rev. Wm. W. Walford, was the result of the rich spiritual experience that comes to one who depends fully on his Lord.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer."

—*Samuel R. Boggs, in The Gideon.*

FRINGED GENTIAN

God made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose
And failed, and all the summer laughed.
But, just before the snows
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill;
And summer hid her forehead,
And mockery was still.
The frosts were her condition;
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North evoked it.
"Creator! shall I bloom?"

—*Emily Dickinson.*

A LEGEND OF THE BELL

In some strange land and time—for so the story runs—they were about to found a bell for a midnight tower—a hollow, starless heaven of iron. It should toll for dead monarchs, "The king is dead," and make glad clamor for a new prince, "Long live the king." It should proclaim so great a passion or so grand a pride that either would be worship, or wanting these, forever hold its peace.

Now this bell was not to be dug out of the cold mountains; it was to be made of something that had been warmed by a human touch and loved with a human love; and so the people came, like pilgrims to a shrine, and cast their offerings into the furnace, and went away.

There were links of chains that bondsmen had worn bright, and fragments of swords that had broken in heroes' hands; there were crosses and rings and bracelets of fine gold; trinkets of silver and toys of poor red copper. They even brought things that were licked up in an instant by the red tongues of flame—good words they had written and flowers they had cherished, perishable things that could never be heard in the rich tone and volume of the bell.

And by and by, the bell was alone in its chamber, and its four windows looked forth to the four quarters of heaven. For many a day it hung dumb. The winds came and went, but they only set it sighing; the birds came and sang under its eaves, but it was an iron horizon of dead melody still: all the meaner strifes and passions of men rippled on below it; they outgroped the ants and outwrought the bees and outwatched the shepherds of Chaldea, but the chambers of the bell were as dumb as the cave of Macpelah.

At last, there came a time when men grew grand for right and truth, and stood shoulder to shoulder over all the land, and went down like reapers to the harvest of death; looked in the graves of them that slept, and believed there was something grander than living; glanced on into the far future, and discovered there was something bitterer than dying; and so standing between the quick and the dead, they acquitted themselves like men.

Then the bell awoke in its chamber, and the great waves of its music rolled gloriously out and broke along the blue walls of the world like an anthem; and every tone in it was familiar as an household word to somebody, and he heard it and knew it with a solemn joy. Poured into that fiery heart together, the humblest gifts were blent in one great wealth, and accents, feeble as a sparrow's song, grew eloquent and strong; and lo! a people's stately soul heaved on the waves of the mighty voice.—*B. F. Taylor.*

HEALTH TALK NO. 1

SLEEP is even more necessary than food. Few of us would be hurt by fasting a few days; we should live on our reserve of bodily tissue. But we have no reserve of sleep. By going without that perfect form of rest, we accumulate fatigue; we sap the vitality which is our defense against infection; we make ourselves susceptible to various grave diseases, and to that nuisance, the common cold.

Edison is said to sleep only four hours out of the twenty-four. He has found by experience that it suits him. But you and I had better not imagine we are Edison. Many of us, especially the thin and nervous, need not less sleep but more. Skinny people, if too active in proportion to their sleep, may impair their nutrition. Nervous people, deprived of sleep, are all the more subject to that evening trick of the nerves, numbing the sense of fatigue. Don't be fooled by feeling "wound up." Judge your need of sleep, not by your unreal freshness at night, but by your condition next morning. If you find yourself sleepy and fussy about breakfast, go to bed half an hour earlier each night—till you wake up brisk and hungry. That will determine your proper average of sleep. Stick to it; make a habit of sleeping seven, eight, nine, ten hours a night—whatever you yourself need; and establish that habit as firmly as your habit of eating three times a day.

At times we need extra sleep. After intense effort or emotional strain the healthy man has a sleep hunger, which is far more trustworthy than the hunger for food. A hungry man may eat himself sick. But the sleep-starved man surrenders himself to sleep with impunity. For example, an aviator in 1918, after a miraculous escape from death, dropped into a sleep that lasted twenty hours. Few of us have experiences like that. But even in our peaceful lives we need some leeway of extra sleep.

The mean and worried sleep which we call insomnia very often results from mental or nervous fatigue; and that very fatigue is increased by lack of sleep. The result is a vicious circle; nervous fatigue, insomnia, more fatigue, more insomnia, and so on and so forth and so on. The only way to get out of the circle is to break it; to work less; and to play more; and to rest. We can rest very well, even without sleeping; and once rested it is ten to one that we shall drop back into our normal habit of good sleep.

Some few people exercise or work so little that they aren't tired enough to sleep. But when you and I can't sleep it is generally because we smoke too much; or drink coffee and tea at times which do not suit us; or cram our poor stomachs; or try to sleep in a stuffy room, or with cold feet or a cold back, or with minds full of worry—or the fear of missing our sleep. The remedy of course is to reverse the cause; give the mind some quiet interest; read a chapter of a favorite book; calm the body with a neutral bath; go to bed warm with a hot water bottle at the feet if necessary and in a room with open windows and a good circulation of air. Then we should rest and forget our worries. If sleep comes quickly, so much the better. If it delays, we should remember that rest, even without sleep, is comfortable. This very recollection may bring us peace and sleep.

Perhaps one man in a hundred in search of sleep is tempted by drugs. That temptation is of the devil. Only on the advice of a *good* doctor, and only in emergency or the acutest pain, can we safely accept such relief.

In the average case, common sense is the best guide. And common sense sums up this way: find out how much sleep you need; make a habit of sleeping at least that much; get the best sleep you can, and be thankful.—*From Listen In, by Henry Copley Greene.*

THE SEASON STARTS

THERE'S frost on the pane and there's snow on the ground,
Our breath makes a fog as we scurry around;
The season of baseball is ended and through,
The season of football is finished with, too,
The golf and the tennis are over and done
But here in our village the season's begun,
The sporting excitement has gripped us once more;
The checker game's on at the general store.

Lem Peters is champ—and there's no one in town
That's ever successfully taken him down,
Though Elzevir Hawkins can win, now and then,
If Lem gives him maybe a couple of men;
But all through the county Lem's skill at the game
Has given him more than mere localized fame,
And challenges come to old Lem by the score,
The checker game's on at the general store!

From Pikestown and Cricksville, from Scio and Dover
The checker sharps often come flivvering over
To lock horns with Lem. And on Thursday, the Banner
Reports all the games in a serious manner.
Lem's winner, so far, and in form he's so great
We think he can beat any one in the state;
Of football and baseball we gossip no more,
The checker game's on at the general store!

—*Berton Braley.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

The Brookline (First Parish) Branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to those who wish them. Apply to Miss Martha Suter, 23 Dudley St., Brookline, Mass.

REQUESTS

1. I am an old member of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, having received cheer from it ever since I can remember. I come now asking for reading, books or magazines of any kind for myself and fairy stories for my little girl, Dora Esther, aged eight. Mrs. Roy Payne, Stapleton, Neb.

2. Mrs. C. B. Merrick of Methuen, Mass., would appreciate the *Atlantic Monthly* or *Psychology Magazines* for 1926.

3. I would be very thankful if some of the *Cheerful Letter* readers would send good books to my little girl, Zula, aged twelve. I am a widow and live in a lonesome place far from any town. This is my first time to write to the *Cheerful Letter* and I do hope they can send me some cheer. Mrs. Hettie A. Thomas, Endicott, Va., Box 14.

4. Mrs. Nerva Turner of Endicott, Va., writes that she is a widow. Her daughter died three years ago and since then she has had the care of her two granddaughters, aged fifteen and twelve years. She would appreciate very much good reading matter for these two children. Mrs. Turner sends her sincere thanks to any who respond to her appeal.

5. I am a married woman, age fifty-nine. My husband is living but neither of us are strong. We live in an out of the way place and I get very lonely. I would be glad of reading matter of any kind, and would be glad to hear from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends, or receive the *Cheerful Letter*. Mrs. Rosa Hall, Elamsville, Va.

6. I wish to thank every one, who has sent me reading matter and quilt pieces. I would be so glad if someone would send me some magazines and good books to read also thread, bits of ribbons, lace braid or any thing along the line of fancy work will be appreciated. The cold winter days will soon be here and I hope you all won't forget me way up here in these lonesome mountains. We had to come here on account of my

husband's health. Best wishes to the *Cheerful Letter*. Mrs. Harry T. McDaniel, Sandidges, Va., Box 34.

7. I have received some nice reading which I appreciated and would be glad to receive more. I would be glad to get bits of thread. It would be company to me as I am not able to work much. With many thanks, Mrs. G. R. Stike, Crumpler, N. Car.

8. Will someone be so kind as to send me the following books and magazines: "Mother, Home and Heaven," William James, "Elements of Psychology," and *The Literary Digest*? C. W. Johnson, Ben Hur, Ark.

9. I am thanking all for sending my little boy books and cards. I would be glad of a Bible and a few scraps to pass the lonely days, as my health is bad. I am not able to go any where. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Endicott, Va.

10. Margaret Huddleston, Farmville, Va., Box 118, will be pleased with bits of ribbon, toys, paper dolls for herself and sister, age 13, as well as little stories, and "Pilgrim's Progress" for mother.

11. Mrs. Corina Baldwin, Albemarle, N. C., R. 4, has been in bed the past six months with tuberculosis. She will be glad of light reading.

12. Mrs. R. K. Shelton, Bassett, Va., R. 2, Box 42, a sufferer from rheumatism, finds the days lonely, and will be glad of reading for herself and cards for her grandchildren.

13. Mrs. Walter R. May thanks all the good friends that have remembered her and wishes to let them know that she has moved to Peach Bottom, Pa.

14. I am writing the *Cheerful Letter* as I heard they would send cards and papers to sick people. I have a daughter that has been in a hospital for over a year; have been sending things to her to pass the days off and would be glad for friends to help me. She likes scrap books or cards. I would be thankful. Mrs. Ella J. Nolen, Endicott, Va.

The address of Katherine Black (request No. 12 of September *Cheerful Letter*) is Manchester, N. C.

Home Treatment

Mrs. Jiggins, who was reading a newspaper, observed to her husband that the journal contained an article entitled "Women's Work for the Feeble-Minded."

Now Mr. Jiggins was in a reactionary mood. So he grunted and said: "I should like to know what women have ever done for the feeble-minded."

"They usually marry them, my dear," replied Mrs. Jiggins sweetly.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Receipts

Prune and Rice Dessert.—Cook one pound of prunes in about three pints of water until soft; remove stones. Keep the meat from the stones, as they are as good as nuts mixed with the prunes. Add 1 cup sugar, butter size of a walnut. Cook 1 cup of rice in salted water until tender; drain water from rice, then mix rice with prunes. Serve in individual dishes with whipped cream, or may be eaten plain. Better when cold.

Clover Leaf Rye Biscuit.—One cup rye meal, 5 cups bread flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk scalded, 1 yeast cake dissolved in 1 cup lukewarm water. Mix together the dry ingredients. Rub in the shortening with the tips of the fingers. Dissolve the yeast cake, add to milk when cool, and stir into first mixture. Beat well, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Stir down and form into small balls with fingers, putting them together into greased muffin pans to form clover leaves. Let rise again and bake.

Boiled Smoked Shoulder.—Six-pound shoulder, soaked over night. Wash well and cook in cold water to nearly cover. Add ½ cup sugar, ½ cup vinegar, 12 cloves. Simmer 5 hours. Cool in water it is cooked in. Remove skin and bone; roll and tie. Put a thick coating of brown sugar over outside. Stick in a few whole cloves and bake one hour. Very nice.

Baked Peas.—Heat a can of peas in their own liquor. Then drain, pour into shallow baking dish and season with salt and pepper. Break 3 or 4 eggs over the peas, dot with bits of butter, and bake ten minutes in a hot oven. This makes a savory and substantial luncheon or supper dish.

Handy Hints

Egg stains on table linen or any material should be soaked in cold water before washing, as hot water will set them. Egg stains on silk can usually be removed by rubbing them with common table salt.

Mildew can be taken out by rubbing the stains well with a fresh cut tomato and covering with salt; afterward place garment in sun.

To wash painted walls, use two pails of luke warm water; wet a cloth and sprinkle sparingly with baking soda; wash a convenient space, rinse with clear water and wipe dry. All grease and dirt disappears with very little rubbing.

When grease is dropped on the kitchen floor, scatter soda on it; then pour boiling water over it.

When washing linoleum or oilcloth, to each gallon of water add some starch, or a tablespoon of kerosene, or turpentine, to make it bright and new. Never use clear kerosene as it rots the fabric.

A BOOK WITH A DIFFERENCE

"I THINK that Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' is just as much inspired as the Bible," said a man who was airing his ideas in the presence of a friend whom he knew to be a firm believer in the Bible as the Word of God. He was throwing out his ideas not because he was convinced that he himself was right, but because he wanted to be set right in his thinking. He was a man with an open mind.

"I believe that there is a difference between 'Thanatopsis' and the Bible," replied his friend. "I believe that the Bible is the Word of God." And he gave his reasons.

THE REASONS

The Bible itself claims to be the Word of God. The New Testament writers never question the divine origin of the Old Testament. Jesus ever appealed to the Scriptures. Read Matt. 19: 4; 22: 29; Luke 18: 31; 22: 37; 24: 27–44. It is impossible to deny the divine origin of the Bible without discrediting Jesus Christ. The New Testament is also the Word of God, the result of the Holy Spirit's work in the minds of men. Read John 14: 26; 16: 12, 13.

The Bible has a divine unity. Though originating "by divers portions and in divers manners" (Heb. 1: 1)—there are sixty-six books written by forty or more human authors during more than a thousand years—the various writings are called the Bible, "the Book." One Mind expressed itself through the diverse personalities of the authors. All the parts of the Bible are related to the whole in one great unity —God's revelation of himself to man.

The Christian's Book has a spiritual purpose. In its history it shows how man through the centuries sinned and failed, and how he has been redeemed by the grace of God. In its biography are presented the stirring careers of good and bad men in their relation to spiritual values. It sings in its poetry of the goodness of God. In it are letters of warning, encouragement, and hope. It prophesies the coming day of redemption and records the fulfillment in Christ.

The Bible has an historical influence. Ten or fifteen manuscripts are thought a goodly number for an ancient classic; the manuscripts of the New Testament are reckoned by thousands. Then, too, the Bible has been translated into many languages. Even before the invention of printing, translations were made into the common speech of most of the countries of Europe. Today the Bible is being read in more than six hundred languages and dialects.

It has stood the test. Eighteen centuries of assault have been unable to destroy it. Fronto, rhetorician and eloquent speaker, chosen by a Roman emperor to educate his son, attacked the Bible. Diocletian, when Rome was at the height of its glory, issued an edict that every Bible in the Roman Empire should be destroyed. That failed. He then issued a sterner edict that everyone who possessed a Bible should be put to death. But that failed. Man cannot destroy the Bible. Therefore it is historically demonstrated that man never produced it. It is the Word of God. Read Matt. 24: 35.—*Selected.*

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

CHRYSANTHEMUMS were shaggy flowers
That sprawled through dull November hours
Until, with a disdainful air,
I went with Fancy to the Fair,
And I was filled with wonderment
At the faint, Oriental scent,
Sweet-bitter, like a breeze at sea.

There foolish Fancy said to me:
"They stand in hushed, expectant pride
Like bridesmaids waiting for a bride,
See how the petals interlink
In this soft-feathered pompon, pink;
These decorate November's dress
With round metallic sauciness;
This yellow-glow parhelion
Her ballet skirts of tarleton;
What frilly white lace parasols
For fairyland theatricals!
These tassels, colored Burgundy,
Are dreams the dawning day set free;
And oh, these crinkled, bronze bouquets
Are groups of brown-gold winter days—"

So now when dull November comes
I revel in chrysanthemums.

—Hazel Harper Harris,
in Christian Science Monitor.

HIDDEN TREASURE

"THE kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in the field, which a man found; and in his joy he goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field." The Bible is such a field. It has its stones of stumbling for some, and rocks of offense. But it has a hidden treasure as well. We are told of its discrepancies and its contradictions, its false scientific stories, its historical blunders, its mythical lore and traditional stories, its irreconcilable doctrines, its faulty morals, its very human, even immoral heroes, and so on *ad infinitum,* until one is moved to ask, Can any good thing come out of such a Nazareth? It may be stated that those who read the Bible least talk most of its faults.

But if that is all one sees in the Bible, he must have been stalking through this luxuriantly fruitful and beautiful field with eyes shut and

ears stopped. For the Bible is rich in treasures of such variety that even the spiritually blind should not fail to find and appreciate them. The oldest and most reliable records of the ancient world are in Genesis. The sublimest literature ever produced is in Isaiah. The sweetest songs ever sung are in the Psalms. The noblest epic-drama ever penned is Job. For pathos Jeremiah's lamentations are unequalled. The philippics of Demosthenes pale before the fierce vigor of the denunciations of Israel's great prophets. The simplicity, the irresistible naturalness and plain truthfulness of Jesus' sayings, and the profound and convincing theological discussions of Paul are the delight both of the plain man and the philosopher.

"There was no nobler English statesman in the nineteenth century than William E. Gladstone. It is not too much to say that his life was built on the Bible. That book was to him "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," which was the title of one of his books. John Morley, in his biography of Gladstone, says that one constant entry in his diary from twelve to eighteen years of age was, "Read Bible." In his university days at Oxford he constantly read and studied his Greek New Testament. This enriched his vocabulary and filled his mind with illustrations, and did much to shape his very expressions. It gave him that classic and powerful English style that was at once the admiration and the despair of his colleagues. Mr. Gladstone himself testified to the worth of his Bible study to his own life. "On most occasions of sharp pressure or trial, some word of scripture has come home to me as if borne on angels' wings."

The vigor and purity, the beauty and simplicity of our own Lincoln's style and vocabulary are traceable to the same source, his familiarity with the English Bible. The well-worn, much fingered and thumbed book that lay on the stand at the head of Mr. Wilson's bed was silent witness that he, too, had drawn from the same fountain-source for that which made his life strong and great and his words a delight to all who read them.

But all this is incidental. The real worth of the Bible is not in its literature, however fine and valuable that may be. For its literature is only the material marble in which and by means of which its true treasure is expressed and enshrined. The real and priceless treasure of the Bible is the Christ. He is its heart and soul and center. In it He is enthroned. In it His Spirit lives and moves and has its being. It is the supreme worth of Christ to the world and to the individual soul that makes the Bible the greatest book in the world, better than the best seller, the most loved book.

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the true, the beautiful
From graven stone, and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read."

—*Robert Scott Calder, in The Gideon.*

YOU

It isn't the money you're making, it isn't the clothes you wear,
And it isn't the skill of your good right hand which make folks really care.
It's the smile on your face and the light of your eye and the burdens that you bear.

It's how do you live and neighbor, how do you work and play,
It's how do you say "good morning" to the people along the way,
And it's how do you face your troubles whenever your skies are gray.

It's you, from the dawn to night-time—you when the day is fair—
You when the storm is raging—how do you face despair?
It is you that the world discovers, whatever the clothes you wear.

You to the end of the journey, kindly and brave and true,
The best and the worst of you gleaming in all that you say and do,
And the thing that counts isn't money, or glory or power, but you.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

BIT BY BIT ARE BIG DREAMS REALIZED

Starting to do the small things that you are able to do better than they have been done before; rolled up sleeves, long hours, unusual patience—faith that the dreams will come true.

In other words, only bit by bit are any of us able to rise and demonstrate our ability to handle big things, which are the product of big dreams.

Hidden away alone at the task while the crowd plays, and all too often wastes, it takes real heroism to work on at little things while so many are at the job of completing big things.

But there is always a small beginning to every great ending.

Bit by bit the large enterprise is unfolded.

Bit by bit is every great enterprise brought about. It's a long, long trail, and only those who have been schooled in the classroom of waiting and willingness to work and bide their time, are ever winners.—*Selected.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE HISTORY OF ROBIN HOOD

PART I

ROBIN HOOD was a famous robber who lived in England in the reigns of King Henry the Second, King Richard the First, and King John. He was born in the year 1160, and lived to be quite an old man, although he was constantly sought after by the king's officers, who were commanded to kill him whenever they could find him; and such a terror was he to all peaceable people that a great reward was at last offered for his capture, which made him an outlaw, cut off from the protection of the law of the land.

His true name was Robert Fitzooth, but it was gradually changed into Robin Hood. He was descended from a noble family, but was so wild and so fond of roving about and using his bow and arrows that he left his home for the forest and became a highway robber. His undaunted courage and cheerful comradeship made him a great favorite among his own band of followers; and there are a great many stories told of their wild life and of their many narrow escapes.

It must be remembered that England was quite barbarous in those days. The dense forests in the northern part were full of game, hunted by archers who were very skillful in using their bows and arrows—for this was long before the invention of firearms.

Robin Hood chose only the bravest men for his band, which contained about a hundred. They lived on the game they killed, and by robbing travelers, and often, in disguise, they visited the towns and purchased many things for their comfort. According to the old stories, Robin Hood—to his credit, be it said—never robbed poor men or ill-treated them. It was only the rich, and especially the priests and monks, that he loved to vex and injure, the latter more out of revenge, because they were most active in trying to effect his capture.

The history of Robin Hood's deeds is gathered chiefly from the old songs and ballads, of which there are many still sung in England. In one of these we are told about his choosing Little John for his friend, who was always true to him, and who, through his bravery, did his leader many a good turn. Another song describes Robin's falling in love with a pretty shepherdess named Clorinda, in Sherwood Forest. She was quite an archer herself, and could shoot a buck out of a herd of deer with as much ease as a man could do it.

That won Robin's admiration, and perhaps he thought that such a woman would make the right sort of a wife for one who was to live in the woods in such a wild and roving way. Therefore, having obtained her consent, he sent for the priest in the next town, and they were married in proper style, though we are not told much about their life afterwards.

Once he and his band of outlaws fell in with a man named Guy of Gisborne, who was seeking after him and had promised the sheriff of Nottinghamshire that he would surely find him and deliver him. Robin Hood began at first to talk very peaceably with this stranger and soon learned what business brought him to the forest. Bold Robin offered to take him to where the robber chieftain could be secured, and they started on their way toward the thickest and loneliest part of the wood; and there Robin coolly informed Sir Guy that he, himself, was the man sought.

A great battle followed this discovery, which ended in Guy's being slain, after which Robin cut off the knight's head and then changed clothes with him. Taking the horn from his side he blew a loud blast, which soon called around him the rest of the sheriff's men, who were also in pursuit of the robbers. When they came up, they easily mistook Robin for their own leader, Sir Guy. He, pointing to the fallen warrior, told them that he had killed Robin Hood, whereupon the deceived sheriff praised the supposed Guy much for the deed and they set off together, pretending to go in search of the rest of the band. Very soon they came to where Little John had been tied to a tree by some of the sheriff's party, and loosing him quickly Robin Hood placed in his hands Sir Guy's bow and arrows; and while the sheriff's back was turned—he not dreaming of the company he was in—Little John shot him in the back. Thus perished both Sir Guy of Gisborne and the sheriff.

Another story is told of his falling in with the Bishop of Hereford, who was passing through the Bansdale Forest, where Robin and his men were living at the time. When the bishop's party came along, the robbers, dressed in shepherds' clothes, were roasting their venison, at sight of which the travelers called out to know why they were having such a feast. Robin replied that they were shepherds and lived on sheep all the year; but today they were feasting on the king's fat deer.

At this, the bishop threatened to tell the king, and the bold robber begged his pardon. The bishop refusing to listen to his excuse, Robin blew his horn and summoned his whole band, who surrounded the bishop and, by Robin's command, prepared to take his life. It was then—so the story goes—the bishop's turn to cry for pardon; but Robin led him to his own quarters, where the robbers took off his mantle, and, spreading it on the ground, poured out upon it all the money they found in his pouch,

which proved to be several pounds. They then let him go after exacting a promise that he would not betray them to the king.

LOOKING AND OVERLOOKING

If we notice little pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forgot our losses
And remembered all our gains;
If we looked for people's virtues,
And their faults refused to see,
What a comfortable, happy
Cheerful place this world would be!
—*Writer Unknown.*

MOSES' OWN TALE OF RESCUE FROM RUSHES FOUND

Discovery of Moses' grateful commemoration of his rescue from the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter and the alphabet of the oldest written language known to man—ancient Hebrew, as it was spoken fifteen centuries before Christ—has been reported by Prof. Grimme, who holds the chair of Semitic philology in the University of Munster. Dr. Grimme made the announcement at a small gathering at the home of a friend recently.

As a result of the discovery, the German government may combine with the British government in sending a scientific expedition to Mount Sinai, where stone inscriptions deciphered by Prof. Grimme were excavated twenty years ago by an English archaeologist.

Moses' Own Story

The message of eternal gratitude, carved either by Moses himself or at his behest, on a thick stone slab, reads as follows, according to Dr. Grimme:

"I, Manasse, mountain chief and head priest of the temple, thank Pharaoh Hiachepsut for having drawn me out of the Nile and helped me to attain high dignities."

The writing, which at first sight resembles Egyptian hieroglyphics, was found by Dr. Grimme to consist of alphabetically formed words. He deciphered the alphabet and discovered that it contained twenty-two letters, much similar to the ancient Hebrew of the Old Testament. This alphabet, devised from Egyptian image writing, was the first used by man.

Fixes Place of Sinai

Manasse is a synonym for Moses in the Hebraic tongue of that epoch. Dr. Grimme's find also definitely answers the question as to which hill on Sinai peninsula was the Mount Sinai of the Bible.

The stone tablets, on one of which Moses' tribute to his royal rescuers was inscribed, were dug up in a buried Egyptian temple dating back to 1500 B. C., on the Serabit el Chadem plateau of Mount Sinai by Flinders Petrie, an English explorer, in 1905. Unable to remove the stones because of their weight, Petrie photographed and made plaster casts of them and then reburied them. He alone knows their exact position.

The inscription on the tablets remained a riddle until 1916, when Alan Gardner, an eminent English Egyptologist, managed to establish certain Mosaic consonants. Dr. Grimme proceeded from this point until he had mastered the entire alphabet and could read all lines carved on one of the photographed slabs.

"My heart stood still as I read," the professor said.

It is estimated that the tablets were written in 1479 B. C., which accords with the dates of Moses' life as fixed in the Bible. Moreover, during the same period Queen Hiachepsut died and her successor, Tutaos, oppressed her followers and destroyed her monuments. It is believed this may have caused Moses to have the stone inscribed as a memorial to the dead queen.
—*The Gideon.*

PRAYER

I would not pray for gifts or common things,
For fortune's smiles or even victory sweet;
I would not ask that I be spared the stings
And cares of life which every man must meet.
I would not pray to be relieved from wrong
However keen its pain, but I would ask
When comes the test that God shall make me strong
And grant me courage to complete my task.

Grant me the faith to trust and still keep on
Despite the darkness and the fearful doubt;
To bear life's bitterness, but when 't is gone
To keep no bitter memories about.
This I would ask: not that I shall be spared
Trials of disappointment, loss or pain,
But that my soul with courage be prepared
To meet the conflict and to stand the strain.
—*Edgar A. Guest.*

That's Why the Call-Down

A certain sales manager in Connecticut, says *Hidden Treasure,* was administering a well-deserved rebuke to one of his salesmen recently. The salesman became indignant and said, "Don't talk to me that way! I take orders from no man!"

"I noticed that in the report of your last trip," replied the sales manager softly.

BOOKS OF THE BIBLE

In GENESIS the world was made by God's creative hand;
In EXODUS the Hebrews marched to gain the Promised Land.
LEVITICUS contains the Law, holy, and just, and good;
NUMBERS records the tribes enrolled—all sons of Abraham's blood.
Moses in DEUTERONOMY, records God's mighty deeds;
Brave JOSHUA into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.
In JUDGES their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite;
But RUTH records the faith of one well pleasing in His sight.
In First and Second SAMUEL of Jesse's son we read;
Ten tribes in First and Second KINGS revolted from his seed.
The First and Second CHRONICLES see Judah captive made;
But EZRA leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.
The city walls of Zion, NEHEMIAH builds again;
Whilst ESTHER saves her people from plots of wicked men.
In JOB we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod.
And DAVID'S PSALMS are precious to every child of GOD.
The PROVERBS, like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear;
ECCLESIASTES teaches man how vain are all things here.
The mystic SONG OF SOLOMON exalts sweet Sharon's Rose;
Whilst Christ the Saviour and the King the rapt ISAIAH shows.
The warning JEREMIAH apostate Israel scorns;
His plaintive LAMENTATIONS their awful downfall mourns.
EZEKIEL tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries;
Whilst Kings and Empires yet to come, DANIEL in vision sees.
Of judgment and of mercy HOSEA loves to tell;
JOEL describes the blessed days when God with men shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herdmen AMOS received his call.
While OBADIAH prophesies of Edom's final fall.
JONAH enshrines a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord,
MICAH pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored.
NAHUM declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured.
A view of Chaldea's coming doom HABAKKUK'S visions give;
Next ZEPHANIAH warns the Jews to turn, repent, and live.
HAGGAI wrote to those who saw the temple built again,
And ZECHARIAH prophesies of Christ's triumphant reign.
MALACHI was the last who touched the high prophetic chord;
Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.
MATTHEW and MARK, and LUKE and JOHN the Holy Gospels wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died, His life and all He taught.
ACTS prove how God the apostles owned with signs in every place;
Saint Paul in ROMANS teaches us how man is saved by grace.
The apostle in CORINTHIANS instructs, exhorts, reproves;
GALATIANS shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.
EPHESIANS and PHILIPPIANS tell what Christians ought to be;
COLOSSIANS bids us live to God and for eternity.
In THESSALONIANS we are taught the Lord will come from Heaven;
In TIMOTHY and TITUS a bishop's rule is given.
PHILEMON marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know;
HEBREWS reveals the Gospel prefigured by the law.
JAMES teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead;
SAINT PETER points the narrow way in which the saints are led.
JOHN, in his three epistles, on love delights to dwell;
SAINT JUDE would warn of judgment and day of wrath foretell.
The REVELATION prophesies of that all-glorious day
When Christ shall reign as King of Kings and all His rule obey.

—*Selected.*

FICTION WE REMEMBER

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

BY ROBERT HICHENS

IN "The Garden of Allah" Mr. Hichens chose another of his romantic and exotic scenes. The transition between his "Felix" and this novel, which was published in 1904, carried the reader from London to the desert of Sahara, from a complex and sophisticated civilization to an out of the way corner of the world. Its plot deals with a meeting between a man and a woman in a railway carriage on the way to the Oasis of Beni-Mora, with their subsequent engagement and

marriage and the tragic consequences arising therefrom. The mystery of the husband's early life, his closely hidden secret, the final confession to his wife, and the penance that falls upon them both, make up an absorbing story that is related with notable skill.

In "The Garden of Allah," Mr. Hichens is equally masterful in his analysis of human emotions as well as in his description of inanimate nature. As a study in emotional and spiritual conflicts "The Garden of Allah" is no less successful than as a story. It was followed by other novels from Mr. Hichens that successfully went for their scenes and episodes far afield from his native England.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE VILLAGES

I CAN NOT hope that Sorrow's feet forever and a day
Will pass my little House of Love where latticed sunbeams stray,
But when she lays her hand at last upon the swinging latch,
And steps where happy years have smiled beneath our spring-sweet thatch,
Grant me, ah, God, this heartfelt prayer, that somewhere it may be
Where little, small-town sympathy may fold and comfort me.

The little small-town sympathy that runs across the fields
In blue-checked gingham aprons, and with flour upon its hands,
That bakes and brews, and sweeps and dusts, that wakeful serves and shields,
The little, small-town sympathy that knows and understands.

Thy cities, God, are builded high with carven stone on stone,
But hearts may ache and lives may droop unheeded and alone,
And souls may dwell unknown, unloved, a single wall between—
Not so the quiet, home-sweet lives that fringe the village green.
Let others reap the splendors, Lord, but give instead to me
The homely round of living blent with small-town sympathy.

The little, small-town sympathy that steals on neighbor feet
From tiny lamp-lit houses down a maple-shaded street;
That lends its strength on tear-dimmed ways its own bruised feet have trod,
The little small-town sympathy—the very soul of God.

—*Martha Haskell Clark.*

COOP OR COOP-PAY?

Two colored gentlemen were talking about automobiles owned by their respective employers.

"An' den he bought dis new 'coop.'"

"You don't call dem 'coops'; dey is pronounced 'coop-pay.' A 'coop' is what you put chickens in."

"Yes, sah, dat's what he does with dis one."—*Exchange.*

Pat was the proud father of new-born triplets. At a meeting of the board of trade, he was presented a handsome silver cup. Pat was loath to accept it.

"Is it for me?" "It certainly is," answered the chairman.

Pat hesitated.

"Why don't you take it?" asked the chairman.

"Am I to keep it always?" "Why, sure," was the reply, "why do you ask?"

"Well," answered Pat, "I didn't know but it was one of those cups that you have to win 3 times before it becomes permanent property."

LITTLE Willie's report had just come in, and it wasn't very good, and the parents weren't too pleased. "I'm losing patience with you, Willie," exclaimed his father. "How is it that young Jones is always at the top of the class while you are at the bottom?" The boy looked from one to the other of his parents. "You forget, dad," he said innocently, "that Jones has awfully clever parents."—*Cork Examiner.*

SPEAK GENTLY

SPEAK gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart!

MARY MALONEY'S PHILOSOPHY

"Why are you singing?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am, only I feel happy."

"Happy, Mary Maloney? Let me see; you don't own a foot of land in the world "

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried, with a hearty Irish laugh; "ye be after joking! I haven't a penny."

"Your mother is dead?"

"God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos.

"Your brother is still a hard case?"

"You may well say that! It's but drink drink, drink."

"You have your little sister's board to pay?"

"Sure, the bit creature; I don't grudge the money for that! She's a good little thing, is Kitty."

"You have no fashionable dresses at all?"

"Fashionable, is it? Ye says true! I hasn't but two gowns to me back."

"You haven't any lover, Mary Maloney?"

"No, no, thank Heaven! I haven't got that to trouble me yet, not I don't want it."

"What on earth, then, have you to make you happy? Where do you get all your happiness from?" said I.

"The Lord be praised, it growed up in me. A bit of sunshine, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, make me laugh and sing. Then if trouble comes, God helpin', I'll keep me heart up. Sure, 'twould be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should come and ax me, but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it."—*Selected.*

Small son—"Pap, who is Mike Huntry?"

Father—"I don't know. Where did you hear about him?"

Small son—"Well, we've been singing in school 'Mike Huntry, tis of thee.'"—*Witt.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also letters offering to give books and magazines should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.